5544

21

A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

Young Johnſton
A Man's a Man for a' that
The Tinker
The Conſtant Shepherd.
Hope told a flatt'ring Tale

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Where may alſo be had, a large and intereſting Collection of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Hiſtories, &c.

Young Johnſton.

COME, all you young men of learning,
A warning take by me;
Keep your hands from pen and paper,
For it's called forgery.
'Twas my great wit and learning
That brought me to this place;
For here I'm ſtanding at the bar,
To all my friends diſgrace.

His name it was young Johnſton,
So hard his caſe muſt be;
Neither lands nor livings would him ſave,
No money ſet him free.
His name it was young Johnſton,
Well dreſs'd from top to toe,
For to hear himſelf condemn'd to die,
His eyes with tears did flow.

But the ladies that were ſtanding by,
Five thouſand pounds would give,
All for the life of Johnſton,
If they would him reprieve.
Up ſpake the Grand Jury and ſaid,
Ladies, that cannot be;
For if you would ten thouſand give,
We cannot ſet him free.

His adverſary's ſtanding by,
Shewing his forged bill,
We are forced to hang young Johnſton,
Sore againſt our will;
As Johnſton rode up Holborn Hill,
So mildly thus ſpake he,
I freely forgive all the world,
And I hope they'll forgive me.

Then with a ſmiling countenance,
He made a graceful bow,
Farewell, my friends, companions all,
To all this world adieu.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

WHAT tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that,
Gie fools their ſilk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinſel ſhow an' a' that;
An honeſt man, tho' ne'er ſae poor,
Is chief of man for a' that.

You ſee yon birkie, ca'd a Lord;
Wha ſtruts an' ſtares an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds beckon at his nod,
He's but a *cuif* for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His dignities, an' a' that;
A man of independent mind,
Can ſing an' laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, an' a' that;
But and honeſt man's aboon his might,
Guide faith he manna fa' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
His garters, ſtars, an' a' that;
The pith of ſenſe an' wale of worth,
Are better far than a' that.

Then let us pray the time may come,
An' come it will for a' that,
When ſenſe and truth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' come it will for a' that,
An' man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

The Tinker.

MY daddy was a tinker's ſon,
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one;
Here's pots to mend! was ſtill his cry,
Here's pots to mend! about bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to ſolder, or braſs pans.
Of wives my dad had near a ſcore,
And I have twice as many more;
And whats's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the lord (upon my ſoul he was) the lord knows who;
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget ſnug had got
A barn door capon, and what not,
Here's pots to mend! I cried along,
Here's pots to mend! was ſtill my ſong.
At village wake—oh! curſe his throat,
The cock crow'd out ſo loud a note,
The folks in cluſters flock'd around,
They ſeiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, peas, and beans,
Beſides a jolly tinker (yes, by the lord) a tinker's ways and means.
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of caſh the folks I hum;
Here's kettles to mend-bring me ſome beer!
'The landlord cries, "You'll get none here!
"You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know;
"More beer indeed! pay what you owe!"
In rage I ſqueeze him 'gainſt the door,
And with his back rub off the ſcore;
At his expence we drown all ſtrife;
For which I praiſe the landlord, (could not
do leſs than praiſe)–the landlord's wife,
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

The Conſtant Shepherd.

O Shepherd, the weather is miſty and changing,
Will you now ſhow me over the hills to Traquire?
O yes, gentle ſhepherd, where have you been ranging,
To ſee ſuch a gentleman walking is rare.
I've been at the foreſt, among the young laſſes,
I've ſung with the ſhepherds on ilka green hill:
But now I'm reſolv'd to give over my roving,
For of every thing in it I have got my will.

I'm afraid you have left ſome young laſſie a mourning
You're the fineſt young gentleman ever I ſaw;
Your eyes are like diamonds, your hair like the gowan,
I fear you and them have been breaking the law.
O gentle ſhepherd, have you got a wife yet?
Or do you live ſingle? come, tell me the truth:

For, if you live ſingle you're ſure to be happy,
The blooming young girls are in ſuch a routh.
I'm ſingle, for all the fair maids in the foreſt
I mind them no more than the leaf on the tree;
But one pretty girl, unto whom I have promis'd,
I'll marry as ſoon as my ſtock it is free.

O ſhepherd, you're fooliſh to bind to a woman;
Believe me you'll rue it, and that very ſoon;
For if ſhe proves conſtant you'll ſcarce find another,
You'll ſcarce find another lives under the moon.
For, me I nowiſe have a mind for to marry,
But kiſs all the girls that come in my way:
For the very laſt ſummer, 'tween Ettrick and Yarrow,
I've kiſs'd mair than twenty, that ne'er ſaid me nay.

But the kindeſt young laſſie that ever I met with,
She lives with her mammie, ſhe has nae man ava:
I went for to ſee her, and O it was lucky,
For that very night the old wife was away.
She made up a bed, and ſhe bade me come to it,
And gave all I aſk'd, without ever a frown;
She kiſs'd me and bleſs'd me before that we parted,
And promis'd to meet me next winter in town.

O what is the name of that bonny young laſſie?
O what is her name, and what age may ſhe ſeem?
Her name it is Jennie, ſhe lives at Plantiney;
A tall pretty girl, just about ſeventeen.
A curſe light upon you, and him that begat you,
And all your ain ſiſters! you limb of the de'il!
For if you've deſtroy'd her, you villain, here's at you,
For that's the very laſſie I liked ſae weel.

O ſhepherd, your threat'nings are very unmanly;
She'll paſs for a virgin with any but you:

You're welcome to wed her, and free to enjoy her,
For now unto me you have proved true.
O no, my dear charmer, I will not deceive thee,
Than wed her I ſooner would put out her breath;
For if that I had her when the fury is on me,
With this hazle rung I would finiſh you both.

O my dearest Jammie, with patience look round you,
I fear that true love it has blinded your een;
O my dearest Jammie, with patience look round you,
You ken not the voice nor the looks of your Jean.
O Jammie, I thought that your mind had been chang'd,
It's thirty long weeks ſince I ſaw you and twa;
I borrow'd this clothing from one of our neighbours,
I had not a mind you ſhould ken me ava.
And now he is wed to his ain lovely Jenny,
And now they do live on the hills of Traquire;
Now he is wed to his ain lovely Jenny,
The langer he kens her he likes her the mair.

Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,
That joy would ſoon return;
Ah! nought my ſighs avail,
For Love is doom'd to mourn.
Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?
From me for ever flown;
Ah! nought my ſighs avail,
For Love is doom'd to mourn.
The happy dream of Love is o'er;
Life, alas! can charm no more.

FINIS.